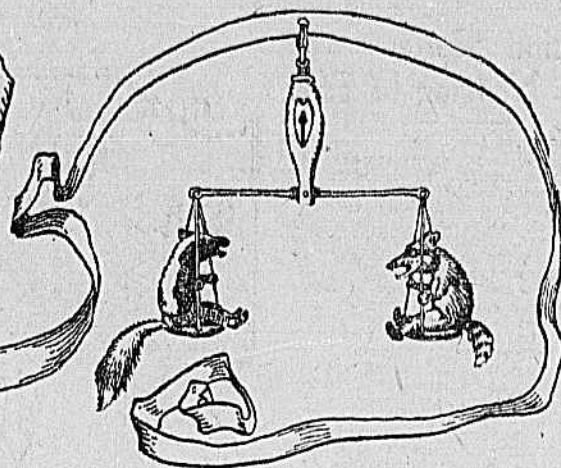




Animaldom

Little Choice.

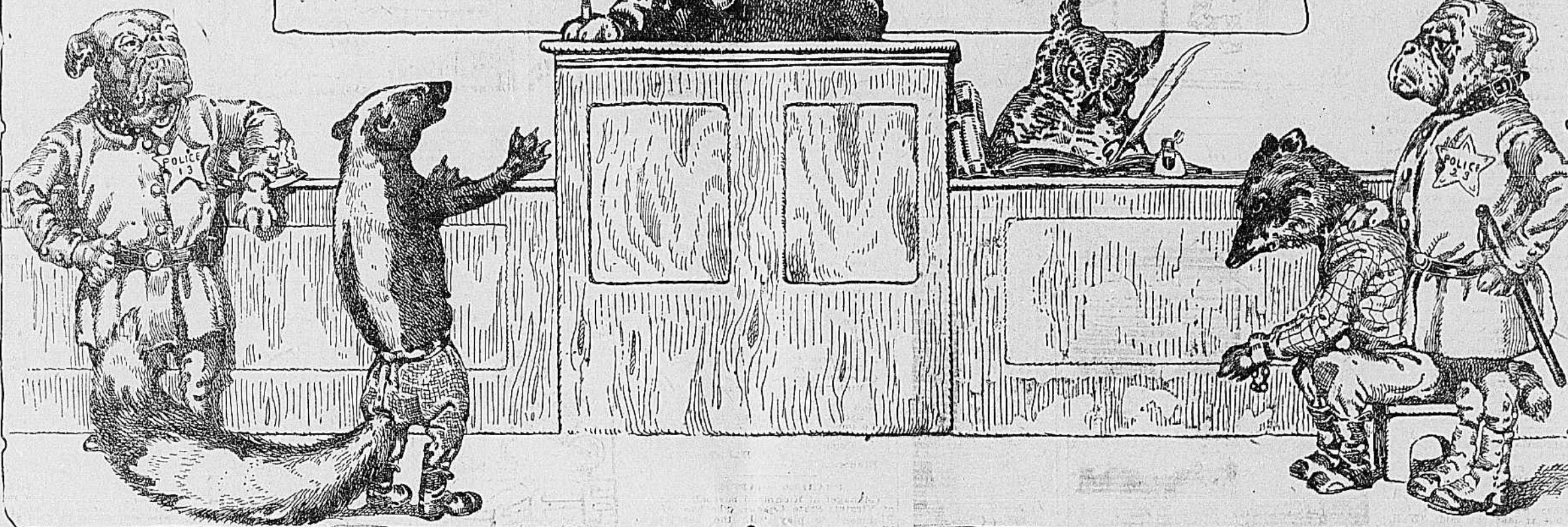


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J. J. MORA

Judge Mastiff listens to

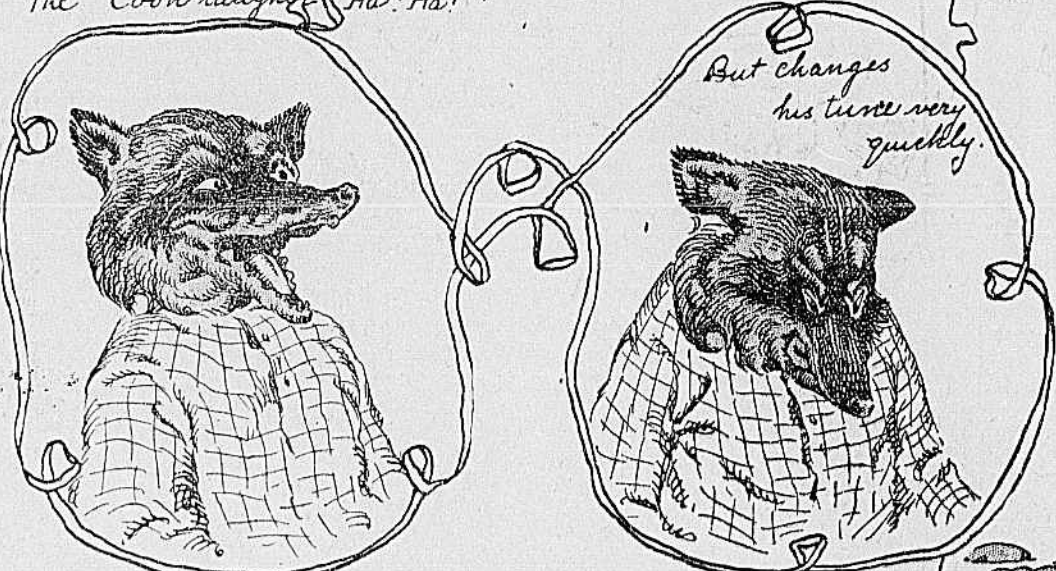
the Polecat's testimony



The Coon laughs: "Ha! Ha!"

But changes his tune very quickly.

They both get ninety days at hard work.



The Raccoon was a thief who did
Not know how to behave;
The Polecat was a tricky wretch,
And just as big a knave.

And one fine day they had a fight,
O'er what I do not know,
But each one swore he'd have revenge
Upon his hated foe.

The Polecat then trumped up some lies,
And, with depraved elation,
He swore a warrant for the Coon
ON gravest accusation.

The case was tried; the Magistrate,
A Mastiff just and stern,
Presided stately on the Bench
And called the pair in turn.

He listened to the Polecat's lies,
They were not worth a song;
He gave attention to the Coon,
Who swore he'd ne'er done wrong.

At last the Judge, in solemn tone,
His verdict handed in;
All was so quiet one could hear
The dropping of a pin.

"Polecat, you falsely testify,
And I now sentence you
To ninety days of hardest work
Till you are fair and true."

The Coon then laughed: "Ho ho, ha ha."
He laughed himself half lame;
Until the Judge cried out: "And you
I sentence just the same.

"Old Polecat lies. The Coon's a thief.
I guess you'll not rejoice.
In picking rotten apples, there
Is very little choice."

And there are many nasty knaves
Whom every day we see,
Who'd look well in the Mastiff's court
And wouldn't long stay free.

J. J. MORA.